

The **Socialist** **Spirit**

The Fellowship

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The Fellowship is a group organized for service in the socialist movement. The members of this group will make special studies of socialist needs and crises, of opportunities and developments, and furnish the results to the movement in the form of articles for the socialist press, and lectures wherever desired.

*Published Monthly by Franklin H. Wentworth
at 609 Ashland Block, Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.
Price: Fifty Cents a Year; Five Cents a Copy*

If you know five or six people who ought to be reading the Socialist Spirit will you send us their names on a postal card? We will send them sample copies.

Tom's a' Cold

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'The right of the humblest human soul to the resources and liberty needful for living a complete and unfearing life is infinitely more sacred than the whole fabric and machinery of civilization.'

The Socialist Spirit

VOL. I

FEBRUARY, 1902

No. 6

The Coming of the Prince As is quite right and proper in a republic which is founded on the principle of the equality of all men, and repudiation of the doctrine of the divine right of kings, the principal subject of interest in America today is the coming of the Prussian Henry.

Willie Hohenzollern, the "war lord," has allowed "us" to build him a yacht. His cousin Henry is coming over to get it. Incidentally, all those Americans who have taken leave of their manhood are preparing to crawl on their stomachs.

The German people, who today are experiencing unheard-of poverty and economic suffering, are going to pay for the German end of the tom-foolery.

The American people are going to pay for the American end of it.

The display and expenditure on both sides is to be lavish, as is usual with those who only consume—who do not create.

Willie sent a telegram to Teddy, in English, telling Teddy how he loved him.

Teddy sent one back to Willie, in German, telling Willie he loved him, too,—like a house-a'-fire.

So Henry is coming over.

It's just perfectly sweet.

A few weeks ago we were reckoning that we'd have to lick Germany if she wasn't *very* careful about how she fooled around Venezuela.

But so long as Willie and Teddy love one another little things like national integrity and national ideals need not count.

Germany did not do anything at Venezuela to speak of, but it afforded an opportunity to bluster; and those of us who are not cringing are pretty apt to bluster. The middle ground of dignified repose seems all but lost to most Americans.

It seems a pity that Alice Roosevelt, who if reports do not mislead is a very satisfactory type of American girl, should be dragged into this vulgar monarch-worship.

What a sensation it would make in the world if Alice should refuse to do it on the ground that she is an American girl and therefore disinclined to subvert American ideals to monarchial tom-foolery.

But Alice is young. She probably has never thought about it.

Fundamental things seldom intrude in Administration families.

So she will break the bottle over the bow; the graven image from Prussia will grin at her, and everyone will be happy.

The people pay.

Meanwhile those newspapers which are hoping for legislation against free speech cannot let so good a chance as this pass to arouse further sentiment against the anarchists.

It will be remembered, by the way, that the anarchists had nothing what-

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ever to do with the death of the late president.

The Chicago Daily News, a profess-
edly independent paper published by a
Protestant for Catholic consumption,
and a therefore consistent enemy of
public education, came out on January
20th with the following headlines:

"REDS" WARN PRINCE.

**Chicago Anarchists Show Their Teeth at
Coming of the Kaiser's Brother.**

SCATTERING THEIR VENOM.

A perusal of the article, which is full of hypothetical "It is saids," "It is reporteds," et cetera, shows nothing in it whatever except an interview with Abraham Isaac (solicited, at his home, by the Daily News), who merely said: "The ovations prepared are a sure indication of the trend of some of the thoughts of American people toward monarchy. The coming of a washer-woman would be more useful to society."

If truths like these are to be branded as venom by a venal press, it is interesting to know how it would characterize real expressions of the anarchist philosophy.

The point is that the majority of people in their busy lives read only the headings of newspapers. Headlines like the above, therefore, do great educational work.

The "good citizen" reading them sees at once a picture of unkempt men lining the street, showing their teeth and expectorating venom.

This is the grotesque newspaper anarchist.

The real anarchist may be a very lovable person, with a high ideal and an aversion to lick-spittle monarch-worship.

Many anarchists are vegetarians. They will not even eat meat because of their aversion to taking life. The beef-eater is a savage beside them.

**His Majesty
the King**

But the fuss and feathers of the visit of the Prussian parasite is not a circumstance to the trouble "we" are going to over the coronation of the worn-out Edward.

Mr. Whitelaw Reid is to be our principal representative, and he is just the man for it.

Mr. Reid has been the leading journalistic apologist in America for the crime being perpetrated against republican institutions and the Dutch nationality in South Africa. When Stormberg and Magersfontein and Colenso occurred Mr. Reid was sunk in gloom; but when Cronje surrendered he exultantly wrote to his English friends and told them what an immense weight had been lifted from his mind.

But Mr. Reid has another qualification for taking part in the coming august ceremony.

He has the pants for it.

He wore them at the queen's jubilee. They are red plush and just lovely.

American opportunities for wearing plush pants are not many. They are limited to fancy-dress balls and other playful functions.

But here is a real opportunity. The Washington correspondent of the Springfield Republican says that Mr. Reid's nomination as coronation ambassador was first promised him by President McKinley, and that "President Roosevelt has simply respected that promise." Whitelaw must have gone after it good and early. But then Edward will never be crowned again.

Whitelaw and his red plush panties will go thundering down history.

It would be quite sufficient for American representation at this flub-dub, clothes-wearing function if the American ambassador already in London should look in for a few minutes to show "our" good-will—just to show we are not mad, as it were.

For if the English workers, who pay for all of it, really want it, we do not care; they could keep the blasé

and fat Edward in a gold house if they liked to; but why should American workers be forced to pay for something they do not believe in? Why should Congress vote the people's money to pay the expenses of special ambassadors?

If there were any manhood left in our national legislature no money would be appropriated.

It is safe to assume that not a single voice at Washington will be raised against it.

Meanwhile the coronation is a great "trade" opportunity for the English middle class. The great bulk of the stock in the shops henceforward, until coronation time, will be such as is absolutely useless to any human being except for purposes of vanity. That the acute tradesmen realize this is demonstrated by the reports of the life insurance companies even as far away from London as Toronto, Canada.

Insurance policies on King Edward's life have been issued for sums ranging from \$10,000 to \$20,000 by Toronto insurance companies, and the Montreal companies, according to the Star of that city, will also accept business of that kind. It is estimated that King Edward is a \$15,000,000 risk to British companies, of which \$9,000,000 is carried by tradesmen who are protecting themselves against the possible death of the king before the coronation.

If Ed should shuffle off before they get the tin-thing on his head, all these shops full of trumpery would not be worth the fire to burn them. This exposes the capitalistic nature of much of the interest in the coming event.

It appears that any one can take out a policy on King Edward's life, provided an insurable interest can be shown, and presumably there are such interests in Canada.

No doubt there will be a loud echo of the London function in Canada.

Meanwhile the kingdom of Great Britain is in sore distress over another matter of great pith and moment.

Since the queen's death no one has patched up "God Save the Queen" to fit "His Royal Highness."

It is the London Chronicle that reveals the perplexities of the adaptation of the British national anthem to the new sovereign, who declines to say whether he shall be called "our lord the king," "our gracious king," or "our noble king."

The Chronicle thinks it is the king's business "as official organizer of the coronation," to settle the matter, and reports that at a recent "crowded public dinner" some 200 men rose to their feet and sang "God save rum-tum-ti-tum."

When you stop to think of it, Rum-tum-ti-tum is just the thing for it. It describes Edward exactly. It also recalls the rowdy nickname "His Royal Highness" used to enjoy when he was rousting about London, to-wit: "Tum-my."

The Chronicle thinks Alfred Austin should get busy and straighten the matter out if the king won't do it. What's a poet laureate good for if he can't do a little job like that? It's embarrassing to all "patriotic" Englishmen when they are singing their national hymn not to know whom to ask God to save.

Americans
Abroad

Aside from our coronation ambassadors, who are to go over to Europe later, we have a couple of representatives already attracting some attention on the Continent. One of them is Miss Ellen Stone, the missionary. The board of foreign missions paid two or three thousand dollars to get her over there and are now about to pay seventy-odd thousand to get her back.

She is bringing more profit to the "heathen" than anyone sent for many a day and the heathen should be properly grateful. This is "doing him good" in earnest.

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A few years ago an American Indian agent who had received one hundred barrels of whiskey and one missionary, wrote to the senders to ask them not to send him so much missionary. This was ingratitude. If, however, the missionary had been as profitable as Miss Ellen Stone, she would have been exchangeable for several hundred barrels. The brigands of Europe are far enough from us to know how to work it.

Of course one regrets the disturbed condition of the relatives of Miss Stone; but why did they not keep her at home? There is work enough among American brigands. She could grow gray in the service in the heart of Chicago. The Chicago brigands who ought to pay their taxes have robbed Chicago to such an extent that the schools may have to close for lack of funds. It is a sickening hypocrisy that sends people out to save the world when their own home atmosphere reeks with pollution and Godlessness. Here, for example, is a paragraph from the Chicago Chronicle of January 20:

Ever since Friday morning a baby born to Mrs. John Schultze, 6154 Sangamon St., has been lying dead in a little cot, while its father has been tramping the streets in search of work that would enable him to give it a burial. Three blocks away at the home of Richard Hines, 6211 Ada St., another infant has lain dead since its birth yesterday morning, its parents being too poor to call for the services of an undertaker.

It is interesting in the face of things like these, which you can see in nearly every issue of the Chicago papers, that Miss Stone's missionary trip to Europe will foot up seventy or eighty thousand dollars. And when she gets back the lecture platform will bid against the dime museums for the chance to exhibit her. That is how we sometimes gain great distinction and celebrity by carefully avoiding our real duty.

The babies who lay dead at 6154 Sangamon street, and 6211 Ada street, three blocks away, had just been born.

If the fathers could not bury the babes, they could not feed them nor

keep them warm. It is easy to see why they died. *They were coldly and indifferently murdered by the civilization which sent Miss Stone to reform other people.*

It is safe to say that there is no such frightful child-murder anywhere in the Balkans as there is in the city of Chicago.

The "foreign missionary" is the most unspeakably hideous production of American export, because the foreign missionary proves that our ignorance of true morality is so gross as to obscure our common discernment.



**The Naughty
Mr. Schwab**

Our other American representative abroad is Mr. Chas.

M. Schwab, president of the United States Steel Corporation. Mr. Schwab has been having a pleasant time at Monte Carlo, and the goody-goods who think the steel combination is a moral institution and the Prince of Monaco's kind of establishment is not moral, have been mildly counseling Mr. Schwab to be good for the sake of example. A dispatch to the London Daily Mail from Monte Carlo says that excitement was caused in the Casino there by Charles M. Schwab, president of the United States Steel corporation, going from one table to another playing maximums. He won two, one of which amounted to \$10,800. An interested crowd followed him and watched his play. A Central News dispatch says that Mr. Schwab's winnings amount to nearly \$20,000.

The comment on these dispatches made by the Northwestern Christian Advocate is perfectly delightful in its moral density. Here it is:

If this cable *am* is not a falsehood it may well cause alarm to every stockholder of the United States Steel corporation. There is no other practice which employers regard as so perilous in employees as gambling. In the case of the head of the United States Steel Company it is not only perilous as related to himself, but in its example, which subordinate employees may feel themselves justified in following. Mr. Schwab owes it to his company and to himself to cor-

rect the report of his gambling if it is untrue. If it is true he should resolve never again to play games for money, or for the safety of its business interests the United States Steel company should secure another president.

Why should the cablegram announcing Mr. Schwab's winnings cause alarm to every stockholder of the United States Steel corporation? Are they not gamblers themselves? If not, what is the stock exchange for?

What is the meaning, then, of this dispatch of last week:

The statement of net earnings of the United States Steel corporation for the last quarter, issued by the directors Tuesday, has been awaited in the speculative markets with no little eagerness. The amount is \$29,751,615, against \$28,591,031 for the three months to October 1. The Wall-street prediction placed the figures for the last quarter at \$35,000,000, and on the strength of that the stocks of the corporation have been active and strong for some days. But they became weak Tuesday on rumors that the net result would be little more than \$25,000,000.

The declaration made recently by an able and discerning writer, that "as an exponent of a befogged and immoral morality, the 'religious' newspaper is without a peer in literature" would seem to be interestingly illustrated by the Christian Advocate's criticism of Mr. Schwab.

It is so dense as to be entertaining.



Corporations and Human Life

That the inflated capitalization of these great corporations and the fluctuations of their shares on the stock exchange make more gamblers of young men than all the gambling-houses of the world together is patent to everyone who is at all intelligent.

The "respectability" of the stock exchange makes its influence the more deadly.

But the appalling character of this kind of gambling shows most on its negative side—in the destruction of regard for human life.

All these fluctuating values are, at bottom, based on human life—human productivity and its faculty for living on an insignificant part of what it produces. The disregard of corporate

greed for the lowly workers is constant and continuous; we have grown to expect it. It is a part of our commercial morality.

It is only when some gross neglect of ordinary precaution blots out the lives of a few of the middle-class that people remark about it.

This occasion is furnished by the recent tunnel disaster in New York which is now undergoing investigation. The utter disregard of human life by the New York Central railroad has been made absolutely and distinctly clear.

Seventeen middle-class people were killed and a score or more maimed and crippled for life by a collision under circumstances that should put Mr. Chauncey M. Depew and the other capitalists of the Vanderbilt road behind the bars for manslaughter.

What did the authorities do?

They arrested the engineer.

He would probably have been rushed through the courts to Sing-Sing for life in the good old way if New York did not happen to have a district attorney just at this juncture who is a man as well as an official.

Mr. Jerome is going back of the engineer and is digging up the real culprits—the capitalists who sacrificed those seventeen lives to their dividends. In view of the facts brought out at the coroner's inquest, no other course could be followed by a district attorney who is not the tool of the capitalists. It was made clear at the coroner's investigation that the engineers of the New York Central and New Haven systems have been complaining since 1892 that they are often unable to see the signal lights. Mr. Franklin, the superintendent of the tunnel, was very candid in his testimony. He knew very well the engineers couldn't see the lights on foggy days, except at short distances.

That the public has not yet appreciated the great science of railroad transportation on the New York Cen-

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tral appears in these questions and answers:

Q.—How many engineers the past year have complained? A.—A good many.

Q.—What have you done about the complaints? A.—Nothing.

Q.—In all these years, then, you knew engineers didn't see the lights, and you have done nothing to remedy the situation? A.—Ultimately the engineers saw the lights. They said it was difficult to see them.

Q.—Was January 8 the first time Engineer Wisker ever took a passenger train through the tunnel? A.—Yes.

Q.—There is nothing to indicate the location of the lights in the tunnel on foggy days but what the engineers call the "feel of the road," is there? A.—No.

Q.—When an engineer strikes the grade at Seventy-second street there is nothing to indicate the light at Fifty-ninth street, is there? A.—No, the engineer feels his way.

Q.—One couldn't feel his way without long experience, could he? A.—No.

Q.—Then there is nothing to prevent an inexperienced engineer overrunning the precautionary signal on foggy days but the "feel of the road" if he can't see the light? A.—No.

Q.—Haven't you more than once received complaints that the lights were entirely out? A.—Yes, I have.

Q.—It's common knowledge among engineers, isn't it, that engineers who bring their trains late stand a good chance of being put on a yard engine or gravel train? A.—I believe so.

Q.—Theoretically, torpedoes explode at the danger light, do they not? A.—Yes.

Q.—How many times did you run an engine over one before it exploded the other day? A.—Five or six.

Q.—How many trains have run past the danger signal within the past month? A.—Five or six.

Q.—What has been done to the engineers? A.—They were cautioned.

And through this tunnel go 323 scheduled trains a day!

Mr. Franklin said he was under the orders of President Newman of the Central and President Hall of the New York, New Haven and Hartford road. He said he had spoken to them about the tunnel lights when they had taken him to task about trains being late. He said that nothing in particular had been done about the complaints of the engineers concerning the lights.

Mr. Jerome asked him: "Is it not a fact that even old engineers run past danger signals in broad daylight, even on a clear day?" The witness said this had occurred. "Then there is nothing to prevent an engineer from

making a terrible mistake?" "Nothing but the signals."

Several reports made by engineers were then offered as evidence. One engineer's report said he had missed the distance signal, had run by the green precautionary light, and then had gone a whole train length beyond the danger signal before being able to bring his train to a stop. Edwin C. Fyler, who was fireman on the White Plains train, said that on the day of the wreck the lights could not be seen in the tunnel until they were abreast of the locomotive. "I saw the red light at Fifty-eight street, just as we were abreast of it, and I believed that Wisker saw it, for he applied the emergency brakes."

At a later hearing a large number of engineers' reports were introduced showing how often experienced engineers had not heeded the danger signals and had given the smoke and steam in the tunnel as an excuse. One case was reported which developed conversation between District Attorney Jerome and Mr. Franklin of a highly interesting nature:

Q.—Here is one man who went by danger signals without having an excuse to offer, and the only thing done to him was to tell him, "Don't let it occur again"? A.—Yes; he was a careful man. He could not see the signals, and did his best to pick up the lights. I would not cut off the head of an engineer on such provocation.

Q.—Is that your idea of discipline, sir? In a case where 323 schedule trains and thousands and thousands of passengers are concerned? A.—Well, he was picking his way slowly; he could not see the lights.

Q.—He had lost his sense of locality, his sense of distances and relations, as engineers often do under certain circumstances; is that not so? A.—He knew where he was, all right.

Q.—Well, he knew that he was in the county of New York, and he knew he was in the tunnel, but that is not enough. A.—He knew where he was within 100 feet, and he found the signal and stopped.

"Yes, he found it before he ran into something to stop him."

The "system" which Mr. Franklin outlined may well excite popular admiration. An experienced engineer isn't expected to see the signals always; he is expected to depend upon

his "feel." "Feel" can be acquired only by long experience, hence an engineer who hasn't made the run many times might as well be navigating the air. And the company's method of developing an engineer with "feel" merits uproarious applause.

The company says: If you don't bring in your train on time, signal or no signal, we will put you back on a gravel train.

What fun it is, to be an engineer!

If your train is late you'll be disgraced; and if it's on time and kills anyone but yourself you'll likely go to Sing-Sing for life!

Very interesting!

Who, of all the hundreds of thousands who travel daily, gives more than a passing thought to that man up ahead and his responsibilities?

The fact that the Vanderbilt lines have taken immediate steps to enlarge the tunnel and substitute electric for steam traction, thus clearing out the blinding smoke and steam, is a sufficient confession that Capitalism—not poor Engineer Wisker—is responsible for the wholesale tunnel murder.

Capitalism, then, should be arraigned for it.



The Crime of Intellect

The body of a man about fifty years of age was found early this morning lying near the 47th street crossing of the Chicago and Eastern Illinois Railroad. There was nothing about the body by which it might be identified, but from his clothing it was evident the deceased was a working man.—The Chicago Journal.

If you can read this paragraph from the Chicago Journal unmoved either by rage or by shame, then your education has not been neglected.

If it is your habit of mind to consider it natural and logical that the man who works should have nothing—that the worker should be easily distinguished from the idle by the poverty of his appearance—then you are worthy of a place among the Eminently

Respectable and the Conventionally Good.

For that is what *they* think.

Nearly every man is what his education makes him. Only the truly great are superior to their accidents. Most "educated" men think in the same rut.

It is the established custom of educational institutions to teach ably and honestly the truth about every subject in their curriculum except the subject of most vital importance to the race, to-wit: How we get our Living.

We all usually allow that an education is a good thing; and if we cannot send our son to college we feel we haven't done for him all we would like to.

But if we examine the matter closely we may see that an education today consists in the attempted purchase of an intellectual equipment at the price of moral integrity. Education does not produce character. "Educated" people today are mostly using their intellects to destroy their souls.

They not only are doing this, but they are training their sons and daughters to do it.

True education is not the acquirement of knowledge.

True education is the development of faculty,—and character.

When a boy goes to college he meets every day men of honest purpose who teach him truthfully facts about science and literature.

He goes to learn; not to criticise. His mind is like a blank page. Truth may be written there; or lies may be written there. And whatever is written there, it is hard, afterward, to efface.

How should a boy suspect that when he reaches the department of Sociology he should fail to find the same frank truth-telling he has grown accustomed to in the other class-rooms?

How should he know that for the first time his intellect is now to be stultified by those mental gymnastics

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which fix his mind on non-essential details while the wide gulf of truth yawns at his feet?

It is impossible for a boy of integrity to believe that any department of education should be deliberately swayed by private interest to poison the well-springs of his reason.

Trusting wholly, he is the more easily betrayed.

The questions he cannot obtain a satisfactory answer to, he gives up as unanswerable.

Here begins mental and moral degeneration.

What the professor of economics cannot solve, the boy concludes he cannot solve.

By carefully magnifying non-essentials, and belittling vital facts, by leaving things unsaid that ought to be said, the boy's mind is confused. Trusting the teacher, he concludes that he himself is dull.

The valve of his mind thus closes forever against the stream to which it should most remain open. Under academic influence, the boy doubts his own logical conclusions and gives the matter up.

The professor has slain the boy's soul.

When the boy's sense of justice prompts the interrogation why the idle enjoy all the good things in life and the workers who produce these things have nothing, the Preacher replies that it is God's will (poor God!) and the Professor answers with the following

ACADEMIC SYLLOGISM:

- (1) All wealth is produced by labor; consequently,
- (2) All wealth is naturally possessed by those who do not labor;
Hence, also naturally:
- (3) The working class must always be poor.

If your boy comes out of college unable to reason after this fashion, his "education" is a failure.

He will never be a college president

Bless your soul, he'll never even be a "professor."

It is false education that has destroyed every civilization in history. Eventually it works its own ruin.

It is frightful; this society in which those who work have nothing and are expected to have nothing.

We are morally and mentally so debauched that even while we mouth over the self-evident proposition that all wealth is produced by labor, we silently take it for granted that those who work should be poor.

This is what our education has done for us.

Any man who works is expected to be poor!

Here is matter for mild astonishment.

We can always distinguish the really useful members of society by their marks of poverty!

The reporter for the Chicago Journal knew at once that the dead man on the railroad track was a worker. His wretched clothing proved it.

Every worker is expected to be poor.

Yet every material thing which the human race possesses or enjoys is made by those who work.

The chair you are sitting in, reading this (turn and look at it),* was made by human toil. Someone chopped down the tree; hauled it through the woods; sawed it into boards; planed it; put it through a lathe; made the glue; put in the dowel-pins, screws and nails and polished and beautified it for your comfort. Men worked in the cold; in the wet, and in the heat of the chair-factory to make that chair for you,—and there you are, sprawling in it. (Done any thing to deserve it?)

Look at the table you are going to throw THE SOCIALIST SPIRIT upon in a minute, when someone rings the bell. See how that is made.

Look at the glass in the window you are going to peep thro' to see who rang before you go to the door;—the glass that lets in the light and keeps out the cold. Melted sand; that's all

it is. It's a hot fire that melts sand. Human labor had to tend it.

Look at the book the fellow who rang the bell came to borrow,—look at it as you hand it out to him. Think how the paper was made—the whole, long, careful process; how the type was set and the proof read; how the ink was made, the glue was made, the cover designed,—all the details of it. There you are, holding it out to him with a gracious grin. Neither of you thinks that from one hand to the other is about to pass the sacred life-energy of a hundred men.

And as you shut the door on him you turn and trip over that confounded rug that's always turned up at the end. So you look at that, too. You see the design of it,—brain work; and the warp and woof of it, hand work. You see human life in it. You sort o' feel as if you'd kicked a child.

Then there comes Mary, putting the lunch on.

You find yourself looking at a loaf of bread; thinking of the fellows who plowed the ground; who sowed the wheat in the chill of the spring; who reaped it under the August sun with the sweat running in rivers off them. You note the dishes as they come in, steaming, and what that means, too.

Then there is Mary, herself.

She cooks and serves and washes dishes and scrubs and dusts and makes beds;—and waits on you between-times. She is from a "working-class" family. So, of course, she's poor. She has to do it.

And, as you look at her as she swings in and out of the kitchen, she typifies for you the LABOR of the world; the patient, toiling millions whose ceaseless activity keeps the world going day by day.

And what are you doing; you educated person?

You sit there and look about you at all these things that are flowing in for your comfort;—ceaseless toil, past, present and future, all for you. You

are consuming human service in some form all day, every day of your life.

What is going out from you to re- quite it?

If nothing is going out from you to requite it, then you are one of two things.

You are a pauper, or you are a thief. Take your choice.

Unless by actual work you support yourself, someone else is supporting you,—and himself, too. This is a hard job for the academic mind to reason out, but if you have not been *too* long at college you may perhaps essay it.

But there is a more important question than whether you are a pauper or a thief.

It is: *Are you content to be a pauper or a thief?*

What are you trying to be?

That is the vital question now.

If you are trying to get off the back of the worker; if you are willing to do your share of the world's work as soon as this hideous nightmare called "society" will let you: then you are perhaps sufferable.

If you are content to allow someone else's toil to support you under your shallow excuse of bonds, stocks and dividends; then you are not sufferable; you are infamous.

You may not know it; but you are.

The more "educated" you are, the lower the depths of your infamy.

Education is a voucher of leisure.

Education means that some one has been working for you; tending you; feeding you; warming and housing you while you studied and read.

What are you going to use your education for, now that you've got it?

Are you going to use it to free and lift up the worker whose toil made your education possible;—who was growing your wheat and digging your coal while you were reading?

Or are you going to use your education to impress people with the idea that you are of better clay than the men whose toil made you?

Any man who today prides himself

on his education is flaunting as a virtue the thing which is the mark of his unpaid obligation.

Until equality of opportunity is a fixed principle in human society every educated man has obtained his education at the cost of other men's ignorance. The blood of the worker is upon him.

This fact is what makes all education which is not directly used to secure a just social order a sort of blasphemy.

All education which is not used to break the shackles of mankind serves only to rivet them more firmly.

It is the educated, with their religions, and newspapers, and colleges, who make public opinion.

Public opinion has the awful power of making the observance of an infamous law or custom the criterion of virtue and respectability.

The working-classes look to the educated for guidance; believing in their integrity.

All through the world's history this trust has been betrayed.

It is being betrayed today.

As the working class looks to the class above it for light and leading, so it accepts its judgments of right and wrong and imbibes the prejudices of the class above it.

The educated class makes for the uneducated class its manners, its laws, and its morals:—even its habits of mind.

This is why injustice so long endures.

The educated, exploiting class assumes that the workman is an inferior being; this is evident today whichever way you turn; and this attitude of mind affects the workman so that he, himself, believes he is an inferior being.

He bows and scrapes and cringes to the idle.

He has no idea of the dignity of human labor.

He has not sense enough to see that

he is a creator and the idle man is a barnacle.

The barnacle swells up with pride and says he is the important personage;—because he is "educated."

The barnacle would rot and drop off like a dry wart if the workman stopped feeding him.

But the worker does not see this.

The worker is grateful to the barnacle because the barnacle "gives him work."

The worker's mind is enslaved.

That is really the bottom of it.

Ignorance, alone, enslaves.

The worker himself, tho' creating all, has accepted the common assumption that it is natural and right that he should be poor.

He has accepted the verdict that he is an inferior being.

Look how he comes into a street-car.

He peers around for an obscure corner, away from better-dressed people. He is abashed before clothes. If he cannot hide himself in a corner he stands on the platform in the cold,—he and his dinner-pail.

How pitiful, to see his shrinking!

He bows low to the parasite.

(The dog is abashed before the fleas that fatten on him!)

The worker supports himself and the parasite, and is grateful for the opportunity. He licks the hand of the man on his back;—like a faithful dog. He is grateful to those benevolent leeches who are interested in "the better housing of the working-classes";—those benevolent leeches whose "education" conceals from them their insolence.

He wears inferior clothes; he eats inferior food; he has inferior furniture in his inferior home.

Yet he makes EVERYTHING; superior and inferior!

He weaves silks, satins and broadcloths for the idle.

He weaves shoddy for himself, and wears it.

There is complaisance for you! He EXPECTS to have only cheap and nasty clothes!

Why does he not wear the broad-cloth himself and give the shoddy to the idle,—the men and women who do no work;—just as the state furnishes clothing to other paupers?

The “respectables” are always ready with their cant phrases to the unfortunate; that “they don’t deserve to have things unless they work for them.”

Why don’t the workers give them a bit of their own philosophy? How do the “respectables” get *their* things without working for them?

That they *do* get them without working for them is clear enough.

The working woman is scrubbing on her knees in her calico; the loafing-woman is at the opera in her silk and laces.

Why do the workers allow this absurdity to go on?

Because the loafers do the thinking for the workers.

If you are kept hard enough at work, you have no time nor energy for thinking; your ignorance is a bit in your mouth for your driving.

Ignorance, alone, enslaves.

The worker raises and butchers beef for the loafer. The loafer gets the choice cuts.

The worker gets the liver and the tendons and the soup-bones. He accepts this as a matter of course. Why doesn’t he give the refuse to the idle,—he produces it all?

He builds a palace for the loafer.

He builds a hut for himself.

The loafer never builds anything. He cannot drive a nail straight. If he were to die tomorrow the world would be relieved of a burden; that’s all.

But when a carpenter dies the world sustains a loss.

How did we get into this absurdity of mind which makes the loafer appear the person of consequence and the worker the dependent person?

We were born into it; and since our birth all the world’s educational engines, civil and religious, have been busily engaged in perpetuating in us the lie that it is a fine thing to live upon the labor of others.

Modern education is organized and subsidized crime.

We are all struggling—for what? To nobly serve?

Bless you, no! We are struggling to be “independent.”

All our education is pointed in this direction.

What is it to be ‘independent’?

When we, by our educated wit, craftily climb into some position from which we can command the labor of others without giving any of our labor in return, then we consider ourselves “independent.” This is the crowning goal and victory of modern education.

That is to say: when someone else grows our food; cooks it; serves it; builds our house; dusts it; cleans it; makes our clothes; waits upon us;—in short, at the precise moment when we are most dependent, we hold our heads aloft, and strut and brag and call ourselves independent.

Gad-zooks! what funny gentlemen we are.

Our moral and intellectual degradation is so low that our very unconscious language brands us with our infamy.

The whole basis of our lives is a lie.

That’s what’s the matter with us.

We mean well enough, but even the highest education cannot make a crysanthemum out of a cancer.

We must put the knife at the root.

The purging must be fundamental.

The economic sources of human life are owned by a few.

That is the cancer which poisons our entire civilization.

In every age the few who own the material resources of life dictate the religions, the education, and the ideals of the many.

The moment the people are dull enough to allow a few of their num-

THE SOCIALIST SPIRIT

ber to capture the common sources of their livelihood, the inferior being is born out of his own ignorance. He becomes at once dependent on other's bounty. Shut out from the common sources of life, he will do all the world's work at the bare cost of living, and he will be grateful for the opportunity.

This is the basis of the slave-mind philosophy.

When you admit that another who is born into the world at the same time that you are has a superior right to the material resources from which you both must live, then you come into the world saddled and bridled for the other fellow to ride.

He won't correct your mistake.

It is *fun* for him.

You will have to correct it yourself.

Why should he get off your back, when all your attitudes and actions show that you like it, and enjoy having him bestraddle you: pulling you this way and that: prating about how good he is to you?

You suffer this absurdity solely because your mind reflects his false education.

You have got to get over the lie that has been drilled into you all your life that a man is to be respected solely because he is *educated*.

There is no moral quality in intellect.

Intellect is the distinguishing characteristic of the Devil.

In the absence of a high ideal; a love reaching out and embracing all, intellect is the worst enemy of human progress.

Napoleon had intellect; and Machiavelli; and Nero; and Judas Iscariot.

Any education which is used solely for the gratification of self; for the glorification of self; any education which is not laid wholly and unreservedly at the service of the common life, making the world better and purer and nobler, striving to abolish poverty, and suffering and crime: is a

wicked education, traitorous to God and destructive of the human soul: and some day we will see it.

Some day we will see that every opportunity which we enjoy without striving to ensure the same opportunity for every other, leaves the deep searing mark of the black dog on us.

Human life is one.

Unless we all can ride none should ride.

Take two babies together—the worker's baby and the parasite's baby. There they are;—both of them, out of the Great Mystery. Examine their soft little bodies.

Do you see spurs on one and a saddle on the other?

And yet, not through the fault of these innocents, but through the fault of our damnable education supporting our damnable institutions of private property, one is to grow up a profligate loafer and the other a starved and beaten worker.

Have the babes deserved it? Both souls to be destroyed?

One to rot at the top: the other to be stunted and starved at the bottom?

One owns the coal mine, the other owns nothing; he must dig for both. Who ordained this—in God's name?

What supports this hideous injustice which destroys the souls of both these children?

The law; and the expression of the law is the direct product of education. False education crystallizes into oppressive and wicked laws.

This is what makes anarchists.

And it ought to make anarchists.

If it did not make anarchists the universe would be a lie. God Himself would be a lie.

When injustice no longer evokes protests the world will die of dry rot: and it ought to.

You goody-goody respectables!

Do you want to know how to "keep out" anarchy?

Cease producing it.

You can't keep out small-pox with a

picket fence. That is a fool's building.

Purify your blood! Purge your rotten hearts!

Get off the safety valve!

The anarchists are the birds of the gathering storm.

Has the past taught us absolutely nothing?

Must the world continue to advance as it has in all history,—through cataclysm and the wreck of nations?

Or is there now enough of God and manhood in us to take the world in hand and administer it for the people of the world?

Are we ready to declare that every child which is born into the world shall have the same opportunity to live a complete life as every other child? If we are not, then the hell of revolution still yawns for us.

God is not mocked.

The flower blooms alike for the beggar child and the perfumed lady.

The sun warms the broadcloth back of the millionaire and the shoddy back of the tramp.

That is our lesson.

There is no favoritism or privilege in Nature.

The animals fare alike in opportunity.

The tiger does not fence off the jungle.

Man alone is enslaved; and it is because of his intellect. Intellect makes him the peer of the Devil and (if he wills it so) the peer of the Creator.

Nature furnishes enough for all.

If men wish to live in love and peace they can do so.

If men wish to make of this beautiful earth a hell: they can do so. Most of them are doing it.

Yet men are not bad: they are only blind.

Our education has led us away from the Higher Law. Our colleges are not producing character.

Everywhere this truth is beginning to force its way.

But we have lived so long in the dark; the light blinds us. We know the old bloody historic ways of the catacombs; the paths of democracy are yet untrodden.

Like men long confined in a dungeon, the glare of the rush-light of truth is disconcerting.

But the parasite is beginning to see that he, too, is enslaved.

Life is one.

When here and there the soul of one swings up above the death-thongs of his education: when he gets heartsick of riding, he finds he cannot get off. He must ride on—on in the hell of his self-convicted infamy.

He knows no touch of tools.

He sees the ghastly travesty of his education.

He sees how grand, how good life is,—just life—when lived to the top of manhood.

See! He is reaching back for the saw and the hammer. It's not yet too late.

While life abides there is time to serve.

He begins to feel the pulse-throb of humanity.

Bursting the cerements of that education which is but soul-death, here and there springs up a man with a new light in his face.

It is the Socialist ideal.

Breaking out of his class traditions; out of the soulless slavery of the old time; a new manhood radiant in his eyes; lo! he comes, flashing into the arena, singing like the morning stars for very joy.

No life that is not life for all!

No love that is not love for all!

Brothers in the cradle; brothers in the workshop; brothers in the fields; brothers in the mart.

The lark is singing at the sunrise.

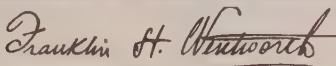
Open the windows!

Light and God stream in.

THE SOCIALIST SPIRIT

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT 609 ASHLAND BLOCK
SUBSCRIPTION PRICE: FIFTY CENTS PER YEAR



EDITOR AND PUBLISHER

NO. 6 FEBRUARY, 1902 VOL. I

EDITORIAL

Hobson: Have you a dollar about you, Dobson? I want to give it to that poor beggar.

Dobson (handing him the dollar): Your generosity will get you into trouble some day, Hobson.

—Life.

HAS it ever occurred to you that the great philanthropists of the world have acquired their claim to that title by giving away other people's money?

Here is a millionaire.

You hear people say he is worth a million dollars.

But don't you believe it. No one would give a million dollars for him.

The people mean he *has* a million dollars.

How did he come by it? Can one man earn a million dollars?

Yes, if he works every day in the year, week-days and Sundays, at ten dollars a day for nearly three hundred years and never spends a cent of it to live, he can.

It takes a strong man to do it.

There is scarcely a productive occupation in the world at present at which a man can earn more than ten dollars a day.

It is not as producers but as exploiters that men receive a larger daily wage than this.

If you possess some legal privilege, or if your talent for organization is so pronounced as to enable you to exploit a large number of men to advantage, then you may finally become a millionaire.

One thousand workmen each earning five dollars a day and getting two dollars a day, the unpaid three dollars remaining with you, may, after your business gets to running, make you a million in two or three years.

But you will not have earned the million.

Other men will have earned it and you will have taken it from them.

Once you get the business well organized you can go off and leave it. You can hire men of executive ability to keep it running while you

travel or indulge in yacht-racing; particularly if you have a legal monopoly. If you have not, you will have to stay around more or less.

But you will be still getting your hundreds of thousands a year,—while you are idle.

This makes it clear that you are not earning it.

The other men, the working men, are earning it.

You have used the ability Nature has bestowed upon you for helping other men, to take advantage of other men.

What God intended as a race obligation, your small soul construes a personal privilege.

While these hundreds of thousands are coming in every year, you may occasionally give some of them to a library or a college.

But it is not your money you are giving.

It is no denial nor sacrifice of yours.

It is other men who are earning it.

You are taking other people's money and giving it away for the sake of your private reputation.

You are called a charitable person.

But you yourself know yourself.

Charity is service.

You can give only yourself in loving service to your kind; or give the results of your own personal toil.

That is charity.

It is not charity for you to give away that which other men earn.

If you were a charitable man you would wish to use your same organizing ability for the good of all, instead of for yourself alone. You would wish to be a real philanthropist instead of a sham philanthropist.

You would wish to give to the world, not to take from it. This is real philanthropy.

We cannot see this very clearly now, because our training has obscured our vision.

We think our share means all that we can get, and when we have grabbed it we try to steal a virtue by giving back the portion we don't want.

But purity of soul has gone from us in the grabbing. We plunged for a diamond and lost a star.

There is a psychological significance in the common phrase, "He is worth a million."

It indicates diseased judgment.

We have come to assume that the man who *takes* the most is *worth* the most.

We commonly look upon the richest man in a town as logically of the greatest value to the town.

He may have established an industry.

The industry may have increased the population.

But mere bigness is not a virtue.

Unless the efforts of a man make the people of a town a happier people, he has done them no service in enlarging it. He may have increased their burdens.

The happiest cities are usually the smallest cities.

Chicago's human misery is unutterable.

The "men who made Chicago" have, for the most, only made the distance from the home to the workshop or office a little greater. They have only added a weary tramp or a dreary hour in a crowded car to the day's toil.

They have neither lightened human toil nor lessened human misery.

Some day we will come to see how the philanthropist is made, and we will recognize his real value to society.

Then there will be no philanthropists.

Every man will be his own philanthropist.

Instead of permitting another to spend their earnings for them men will spend it for themselves.

Then if they had rather have a bucket of coal or a pair of shoes than a university or an art gallery, they can have it.

When growing spiritual discernment finally shows men that a millionaire is and must be a man who makes grist of other men's lives, men will not wish to be millionaires.

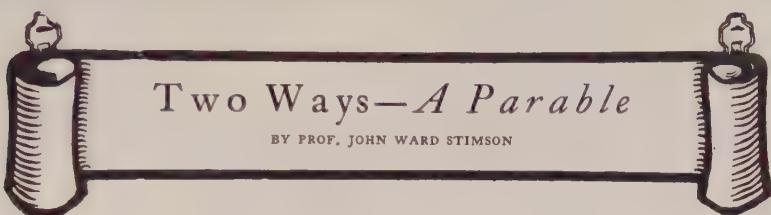
And they cannot be if they would be.

The extra three dollars will that day stay in the pocket of the earner.

In that day either to keep or to bestow the earnings of other men will be seen for what it is, and what it has always been, a moral leprosy born of the vanishing dark.

In that day to grow a flower for a little crippled child will in men's eyes exalt you higher than to build a university.





Two Ways—*A Parable*

BY PROF. JOHN WARD STIMSON

Official announcement was made at Washington last week of the board of trustees of the Carnegie institution, which has been incorporated at Washington in expectation of the \$10,000,000 gift of Andrew Carnegie. —*New York Evening Post.*

A brain most vain for clarity
Came marching down the road.
Said he, "I'm famed for Charity!
I grasp, then give abroad;
My wealth is without parity;
I am a little god."
Just then there passed "A Carpenter"—
It was "THE CHRIST" Our Lord!

He bore the "kit" of toiler,
For daily tasks, the tools;
He wore the garb of moiler
(So much despised by fools),
He passed the vain despoiler
Who sought his heaven by "rules."
Quoth Christ, "Good Friend, a lesson
I've learned in *Higher* schools.

"Not all the pride of giving
Can lift from man his sins,
Nor in the pomp of living
Is where *God's Grace* begins;
Be *just* before you're generous,
Be *modest* ere you're proud,
Do JUSTICE and *love MERCY*;
Walk HUMBLY before *GOD*."

The Word of the Son of Man

BY GEORGE D HERRON

I am the son of man.

I have emerged from the jungle-world where might and
terror dwell, and the wild-beast strife.

I have left the ignorance and the hate and the devouring
monsters of success.

I have passed beyond the good and evil, and the loathsome
reptiles of revenge.

Soon, I shall banish suffering to the jungle also, and
only life will be left.

Not that all that was bad.

It was good to have enemies and to kill them;

Good to suffer and to give suffering;

Good to be a brute-human competitor, a victor, an
anarch of the cosmic force.

But it is better to be what I now am—

No longer a victim, a subject of rage or chance or harm—

The universe for my servant, in whom I am well
pleased—

Everywhere companion-workers and lover-playmates—

At home everywhere, I myself being home—

The sovereign citizen of love's heroic commonwealth—

The son of the almighty will to love—

The son of the free common life—

The son of man.





In Sheep's Clothing

A Fable by R. A. W.

All through his life a Certain Man had been told that the only way to be Happy and to achieve Success was to be there with the Goods.

Believing his parents and well-wishers, he devoted himself to a Strenuous Life. Far into the night he studied until he had mastered the intricacies of Finance. He became a linguist who could call forth order in Babel; the pages of history were to him an Open Book; from the Paleozoic age to the present time he had traced the freaks of nature; he knew that the Human Race proceeded from Monkeys. He was an Authority on Government, and his knowledge of art spelled with a big A was not to be Sneezed At. He wrote a beautiful hand, composed poetry, and took great pride in his Personal Appearance. Honesty was his strong suit. No one could point the finger of scorn at the Completed Product.

"The world is at your feet," said the Gang, as he started out to Butt into the Game.

Visions of a comfortable home, a wife, a large family, and a bank roll that would make the President of some Institution take his hat off to him, didn't seem Too High.

Alas for the fulfillment of human hopes. After ten years of faithful work the model found himself Hired as a Clerk at a small salary. When he asked for a raise he was told that the Market was overcrowded with Competent Men who would work for half what he got. His honesty and faithfulness were referred to in the highest terms, but they were no more than what was Expected.

"All right," said the Model, as he clenched his teeth. "I find that I am in the Wrong Pew. Fools have distanced me in the crowd because they have got a Boost. Others have got there by methods that I have Scorned. From now on I am a Deep-dyed Villain."

As a preliminary disguise to deceive the Public he joined a Church and took a great interest in the Sunday School.

No one was engaged in such Pious Works. The Heathens of the

far east owed the formation of many Missionary Societies to his efforts. For the funds he became Treasurer. Old Women came to the Benevolent Wonder for advice as to how to leave their Property. Owing to his reputation as a Saint, smooth con men begged for his Assistance in working land and stock Deals on the Unsuspecting Public. He could procure more Insurance on a stock than any man in Town. The money flowed in a Steady Stream into concerns that were privileged to use the Magic of his Name. Some of them Succeeded in spite of the fact that they started on the "get-rich-quick" basis. As the Wonder had no conscience, and a heart like the Material convicts break for Amusement, he never hesitated when it came to Taking the Widow's Mite or the Orphan's Heritage.

Before the Paragon realized where he was at, his name got in the Newspapers. While he was expecting a Penitentiary Sentence every minute, he found that the world insisted on looking up to him as a Saint, who could land the money Every Time.

In addition to his other Investments he purchased a Beautiful Wife, who became the Unconscious Partner in his criminal schemes.

When the Crash came he had wisely got from under and hired a lot of Legal Liars, who kept his reputation spotless as the Driven Snow.

Moral: If you want to become a Successful Thief, invest in a suit of Lamb's-Wool.





Blind Samson



BY ROBERT T. WHITELAW

When first the spark of Reason fired the brain
Of man, and lifted him above the brute,
It lit within his breast the grand desire
To Work, to Toil, to mould the world anew;
To tame the forces that in nature lay,
To grasp the secrets of Eternity.
And down through all the ages of the past,
From that first morning gleam of light, the earth
Has felt the impulse of his Hope; the universe
Has trembled at the touch of his vast hands—
The hands that shaped the kingdoms, long forgot,
Lost in the blackness of antiquity.

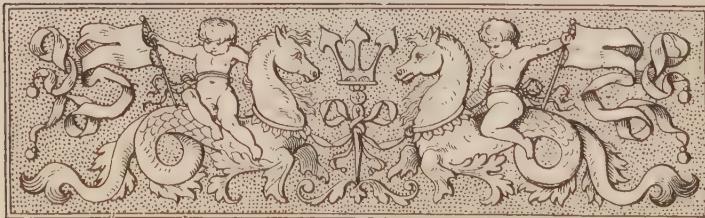
Oh Labor, from the first enslaved and scorned—
Thou great blind Samson of the centuries—
Goaded by hunger's ever present fear,
Ground in the soulless mills of Privilege,
Crushed by the wheels of Wealth and Vested Rights,
Robbed and exploited by the pirate power
Of Churches, Armies, and the Tinsel Kings;
Thine were the arms upheld the pomp and show
Of all the empires of the mouldy past.

By thy strong hands the Pyramids were built—
And stone on stone cemented with thy blood.
Thy hands have fashioned and have swept away.

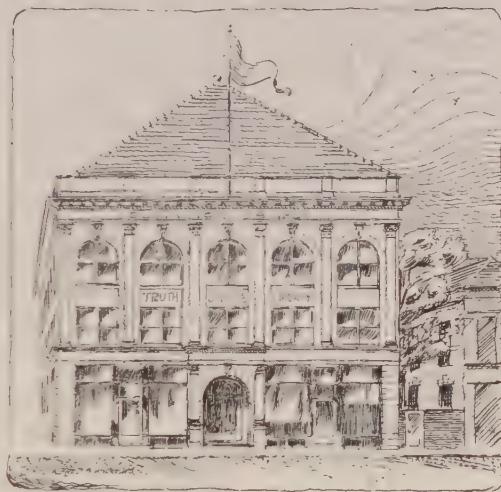
Then built again and to destruction turned
The thing they made, yet ever has gone on
The march of Progress and Enlightenment.
The reaching after Righteousness and Truth—
The striving after Universal Peace.

And now throughout thy veins a tremor runs,
A gleam of purpose flashes from thine eyes.
The bonds that bind the eager hands of Toil
Are snapping one by one. From lofty peaks,
Whence prophet eyes have seen the Star of Hope,
The trumpet call of Equity rings out
The glad reveille of Democracy—
The muster call of Human Brotherhood.

Arise, oh Labor, in thy mighty strength!
The thick black veil of Ignorance is rent—
The creeds have lost their terrifying power—
Intolerance and Bigotry must flee—
The reign of Social Justice is at hand!
Arise and claim thine own!



The Socialist Temple of Chicago



T H E N E W T E M P L E

By Charles H. Kerr

I.—THE PRESENT TEMPLE.

In the month of February, 1901, half a dozen Socialist comrades put their heads together and resolved that Chicago should have a central hall for purposes of propaganda and organization. They had little money at their disposal, but all the pluck and energy that the occasion required. They rented a deserted church at 120 S. Western avenue, near Madison street, and they began to hold meetings. Speakers volunteered their services, people came and listened and dropped small pieces of silver and other metals into the collection boxes, and so, without the aid of any capitalist, the Socialist Temple of Chicago was fairly launched and was at once on a self-supporting basis.

The largest meeting of the week is held on Sunday evening. Some popular speaker is then generally heard and the auditorium, which seats about 400, is well filled. Comrade Herron has several times filled it to overflowing, and obliged us to turn many would-be hearers away for lack of room. Comrades Wilson and Wise were frequently welcomed before they left for the Pacific coast, and Comrade Wentworth often speaks to the Sunday evening audiences.

Next in importance as a means of propaganda is the Wednesday night meeting, which affords an open forum for the discussion of any subject directly or indirectly related to Socialism. Debates are frequent and inter-

esting; new speakers have a chance to show their mettle, and while most of this audience are already Socialists a valuable educational work is being done.

Then comes the women's meeting every Thursday night, which, under the management of women, affords another valuable series of educational and propaganda gatherings.

Lately a dramatic club has taken shape and gives entertainments on Saturday evenings, which afford much pleasure.

Half the week is thus accounted for. Besides, there are four or five ward branches of the Socialist party to hold business meetings; there are various and sundry working committees of the party, including the weekly meeting of ward organizers of the west division — so that altogether our friends of the dramatic club have good reason to complain that they cannot do themselves justice, because they never can get the room to themselves for rehearsal.

II.—THE CO-OPERATIVE.

This took shape last summer. It is an attempt at duplicating so far as may be the tremendous work for Socialism which is being done by the Socialists of Brussels, Ghent, Jolimont, Lille, and other European cities. In Belgium and in many of the French cities every skilled laborer, with insignificant exceptions, is at once a trade unionist, a political Socialist and a co-operator. He votes as he strikes, and he spends his money where it will help his own cause, instead of spending it where it will enrich capitalists or enable superfluous retailers to drag out a miserable existence at useless work.

There is an important distinction between the co-operatives of Belgium and those of England. The former are Socialist co-operatives, because the prime motive of every intelligent member is to promote the cause of Socialism. The co-operative is thus only a means toward the social revolution. The English co-operative is an

end in itself. Its function is producing dividends for its members. This it does admirably, no doubt, but it leaves these members in a state of smug self-satisfaction from which they must yet be aroused before any great things can be accomplished.

It need hardly to be said that the model which we of the Socialist Co-operative of Chicago have set before us is the Belgian Co-operative, not the English.

Any one may become an associate member, sharing all the economic privileges of the Co-operative, but only a member of the Socialist party can become an active member with the right to vote and hold office.

The membership fee is five dollars, but of this only fifty cents need be paid in at the outset; the rest may, if desired, be deducted from rebates on purchases.

Goods are sold at the usual retail prices. At the end of each quarter the sales, cost of goods, gross profits, expenses, etc., are figured up and the net profit arrived at. Of this, one-eighth is devoted to Socialist propaganda, one-eighth is set aside for a reserve, and the remaining three-fourths is returned to the members in proportion to their purchases. The first quarter's business shows a rebate to members of five per cent. on their total purchases, and that after paying the heavy expenses which were required for getting the work under way. The number of members is now 123, many of whom have been taken in within the last few weeks.

The Socialist Co-operative of Chicago is admirably situated for a mail order trade with the Socialists of a large part of the United States. It can already supply goods, freight included, as cheaply as the average local dealer, except in the case of cheap and bulky goods like sugar and flour. It already carries a full line of pure foods, and will increase its stock rapidly when its new building is ready. But that is another story.

III.—THE NEW SOCIALIST TEMPLE.

The Co-operative occupies a small space in the front of our old church. The rest of the building, as I have already explained, is in constant use every night of the week. The place is being rapidly outgrown. We believe the time is ripe for putting up a permanent building to seat 1,000 people and to afford permanent quarters for the Co-operative.

The location will be on or near Western avenue, within a mile of Madison street. Experience has shown that the choice of our temporary location was a fortunate one, and the permanent building will without doubt be placed as near the old one as possible, the only question being where we can find a lot of suitable size at a low figure.

No plans, of course, can be drawn in detail until the exact size of the lot is known. In general, however, the idea is to build a structure 50 or 60 feet wide by 100 to 130 feet deep. The auditorium with gallery will occupy the rear of the first and second stories, being sheltered from the noises of the street by the rooms in front. These, on the ground floor, would of course be used for the stores of the Co-operative. The second floor could be rented for offices to Socialist publications, or for meeting places to trade unions. Part of the space will undoubtedly be required for committee rooms and for meetings too small for the main auditorium.

The third floor can in part be used for the same purposes, while one or two suites of living apartments will be needed for some of the comrades employed by the Co-operative.

A well-ventilated basement will afford room for a co-operative bakery and for a gymnasium, bowling alley, etc.

The auditorium itself will be arranged with a stage for concerts and theatricals and with a level floor that can be cleared for dancing.

All in all, we expect at small cost to

erect a building that from the start will bring in an income that will more than pay the cost of maintenance, while it will serve as a rallying point for Socialism in Chicago and will double the effectiveness of our efforts at propaganda.

IV.—WAYS AND MEANS.

As this issue of THE SOCIALIST SPIRIT goes to press, about \$500 actual cash has been paid in toward the Temple building fund. About \$1,000 more in cash will be ready as soon as ground is broken; and enough skilled labor of bricklayers and other builders has been pledged to equal \$5,000 in money.

It is not yet possible to make an accurate estimate of the cost of building, but the closest guess that is possible at this writing puts the necessary amount of money, in addition to the labor given, at \$15,000. The Chicago workingmen and their families who will use the Temple will put up \$5,000 of this. Moreover, as the membership of the Socialist Co-operative grows, the membership fees of \$5 each will make it easy to pay off the remaining \$10,000, while the profits of the co-operative store, which will have no rent to pay, should easily cover the interest. But the question is where to turn for that portion of the money which must be borrowed. It would be a rather dangerous thing to obtain it from our natural enemies and thus put it into their power to confiscate our building when at some future time it might prove an annoyance to capitalism. It is because we hope to obtain it from our friends that I state this problem here. If this should meet the eye of any one in sympathy with us who is under the necessity (in view of our present social conditions) of placing money where it will bring a certain income, I should be glad to give all the facts needed for reaching a decision.

But the first and most important thing is to raise by memberships and contributions enough money to secure

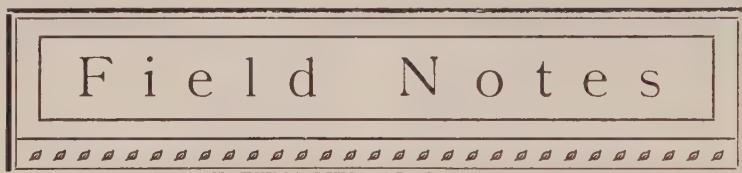
the land and make available the labor that has been offered. There is hardly one reader of these lines who can not do something to help in this, and I know of scarcely any place where a small sum will do so much at this juncture for the cause of Socialism.

Chicago is inevitably to be the storm center of the revolution in this country. If the working class of this city can be reached by a calm appeal to their reason and organized into a determined body of men, knowing what they want and how they mean to

get it, then not only here but all over the United States we may be saved from the violent outburst that will otherwise come in that day, already near enough, when capitalism breaks down and can no longer feed its slaves.

For this great work of education and organization, the Socialist Temple of Chicago is urgently, imperatively demanded.

NOTE: A small booklet giving details of the various features of the temple project will be mailed on application to Comrade Kerr, at 56 Fifth Ave., Chicago.



As arranged with the Massachusetts comrades William Mailly has begun his work of organization in the old Bay state. He has temporarily assumed W. P. Porter's duties as secretary of the executive committee of the Massachusetts Socialist clubs and is now actively corresponding with the various branches of the old parties looking to their organization into clubs.

His work is already stimulating interest in organized effort, six applications for charters as clubs having been received from various parts of the state. Reports from other places insure more.

In the past two weeks Mailly has spoken at branch meetings held at Roxbury, East Boston, Highland District, Neponset and Lynn; also attending meetings of the Boston city committee now in process of organization. He is not making public addresses on Socialism, confining himself solely to talks on organization to party members and direct sympathizers. His meeting at Lynn brought seven valuable accessions into the local organization, mostly active trades unionists.

As soon as Mailly gets the Boston work in condition to leave temporarily he will make short trips throughout the state, visiting clubs and branches and going also where there are none, to advocate new organizations.

In addition to his work of organization Mailly has arranged to send out regular reports—weekly, if possible—of the actions of the Socialist representatives, Carey and Mac Cartney, in the Massachusetts legislature. These reports will go simultaneously to the seven leading party weeklies—The Worker, Worker's Call, Missouri Socialist, Cleveland Citizen, Advance, Social Democratic Herald and Seattle Socialist.

Mailly believes that by contrasting the work of Carey and Mac Cartney with the work of the capitalist representatives, valuable propaganda may be made. Such reports will certainly make interesting reading to Socialists.

This work is quite in accord with the object of the fellowship of THE SOCIALIST SPIRIT, which is to furnish articles and matter for the Socialist press as well as to serve the cause in active field work.

Mailly's February speaking engagements so far reported are Somerville, Reading and Cambridge. His Boston headquarters during his months of service in Massachusetts are at 330 Shawmut avenue, where mail will reach him promptly. *

Boston is to have a course of lectures on Socialism in February of especial interest to students. Charles H. Vail is to give four talks on successive evenings at the Every Day Church, 397 Shawmut avenue, between Canton and Brookline streets. These lectures are to be of a purely economic character, intended to instruct the student in every phase of Socialism as well as to meet the popular arguments against it. Comrade Vail is peculiarly fitted to deal with the subject in the manner indicated and the Boston Socialists who do not feel that they are fully posted will do well to attend the lectures. A nominal charge will be made to defray expenses; single lectures, 10 cents; course tickets, 25 cents. The lectures are to begin at 8 o'clock p. m.

Following are the dates and subjects:

Feb. 11—The Economic Evolution.

Feb. 12—The Socialist Movement.

Feb. 13—The Abolition of Poverty and Realization of Plenty.

Feb. 14—The Solution of Modern Social and Industrial Problems.

*

A point of interest to Boston Socialists should be the studio of Bertha Howell, at 480 Boylston street. Miss Howell is one of the highly educated and beautiful young women whom broad sympathies have brought into the Socialist movement. She is an artist of exceptional ability whose work is challenging the attention of the best critics.

Her pictures of Comrade George and Carrie Rand Herron are remarkable for their lifelike fidelity and delicacy of outline. Copies of these are on view at her studio among the many other meritorious products of her camera.

Any friend of the Socialist move-

ment or of THE SOCIALIST SPIRIT who enjoys an artistic atmosphere will find an hour in Miss Howell's studio equivalent to a week anywhere else, for purposes of inspiration. She is a busy girl but she never lets you know it.

*

John Spargo has resumed active work in Greater New York and vicinity; his proposed trip across the continent to British Columbia having been deferred until later in the year.

On January 16th he was one of the speakers at the great indignation meeting at Cooper Union, held to protest against the ruthless slaughter of citizens by the New York Central railroad in the tunnel accident. On the 17th he spoke at Folks' Lyceum, in Second street, and on the 19th he lectured on "the class struggle; its genesis and its meaning," to the William Morris Club of Yonkers.

On the 26th he spoke at Brooklyn at Small's assembly rooms, 102 Court street, and on the 30th he spoke at Philadelphia. During Comrade Job Harriman's attendance at the meeting of the National Committee at St. Louis the week of January 24, Spargo once more filled his office chair at the Labor Secretariat.

Spargo's February speaking engagements already number about fifteen and will take him out of New York city as far as Peekskill and Dobbs' Ferry.

*

Spargo reports improved conditions in the city propaganda. He writes:

The comrades in New York seem bent upon daily paper (English) and arrangements are being made for a mass convention to endeavor to start one at as early a date as possible. The project seems to inspire the workers. I am giving aid in every possible way to it and other local projects.

Another thing the city executive is doing: It has arranged for courses of lectures, of four each, by various lecturers, not for propaganda, but for educational purposes, being designed to instruct our own members, young speakers in particular, on various phases of modern Socialism. Morris Hillquit began this month with a course on Modern Socialism (historical). Algernon Lee, of the "Worker," will follow with "Economics of Socialism"; Henry Slobodin with a course on "Socialism and Science." Harriman and

I are slated for a course each. A syllabus will be issued by the committee and they hope at the close of the series to publish the lectures in suitable form.

There is no doubt that many young speakers carried away by their enthusiasm, have gone into active propaganda work not fully equipped for creditable debate, and the above work reported by Spargo, as well as Vail's work in Boston as reported by Mailly, indicate that this fact has finally impressed itself upon the veterans of the movement. *

The deferring of Spargo's trip to British Columbia does not mean that there is any relaxation of effort among the comrades in Canada. Steps are now being taken to start a weekly Socialist paper somewhere in British Columbia to be the organ of the party there. Victoria would seem to be the logical place for it. It is cursed with all forms of monopoly, one-man power and general municipal stupidity; being a shining mark for the arrows of Socialist propaganda.

Harold Burnett writes from Victoria:

We now have about twenty-four locals organized of the Canadian Socialist League in British Columbia, or what will be politically known as the "British Columbia Socialist Party." An organizer is still in the field, and is likely to remain there for some time in order to perfect organization.

Our methods for some time will be confined to educating the workers and common people generally to the principles and teachings of Socialism. Our aim is to organize the slaves of capital to vote their own emancipation, and this can only be brought about by clear-cut, straight-out, class-conscious, united political action, with direct legislation as a great and powerful motive force. By steady, evolutionary measures we hope through organization and education to rouse the public conscience, now drowsy in the lap of capital, to awake as a giant refreshed with wine and claim its own common rights through the only way—the ballot box. God speed the day!

*

That Socialism is making rapid headway in the trades' union ranks; a headway that will ultimately unseat the conservative executives of the Federation of Labor, as predicted in Mailly's article of last month, can no longer be gainsaid.

At Erie, Pa., there is a city election

scheduled for February 18th. The members of the local labor unions have cast in their lot with the Socialist party and a red-hot campaign is being conducted with every possibility of winning out. The "People," which is the official organ of the Erie Central Labor Union, is vigorously championing the cause of Socialism in that city, and a casual glance at its contents cannot help giving one an impression of the power for working class emancipation that lies in the trades union journals. For campaign material the paper publishes the list of legal outrages perpetrated upon the working class during the year 1901, which was compiled by the Cleveland Citizen, which, considered as propaganda matter, is most efficient and appropriate. When there are two or three hundred trades union journals taking the same position as the Erie "People" the end of class rule will be in sight.

*

The Teachers' Federation of Chicago, after having fought for two years for the assessment of proper taxation against the public service corporations, winning their case in the Supreme Court, now find that the corporations simply refuse to pay and that nothing can be done about it. The officials of the state could collect if they wanted to collect, but they take no interest in it. It is reasonable to suppose that such keen-witted representatives of the Federation as Miss Haley and Miss Goggin are now able to realize the necessity of overturning the whole system of taxation before any tangible results can be hoped for. It must be supremely embarrassing to Miss Haley after being hailed as a victor throughout the country to find the victory so barren. The fact is the corporations will not pay and cannot be made to pay, and the schools may close in consequence, or the other much opposed action transpire—the cut in teachers' salaries. Everyone seems to feel helpless in the matter, except the Socialists, who expected no other result.

Carl D. Thompson of the People's Church of Elgin, Illinois, who has been working with the Wilsons in California for the past two months has returned to his pastorate. William H. Wise is expected to return shortly to again take up his work in Chicago.

*

The Clarion Club lectures at Cincinnati opened on January 12th in the Auditorium to a very good audience. Edward Wenning spoke for a few minutes, explaining the objects of the organization. Franklin Wentworth then spoke for an hour and a half and was listened to with close attention. Wentworth spoke the following evening at Springfield, Ohio, to a good audience under the auspices of the Labor Lyceum.

*

Marion Craig Wentworth speaks for the Daughters of the Revolution in

Fine Arts Building, Chicago, on the evening of February 14th. Subject: The Blight of the Army. On Sunday, February 23d, she speaks for the Clarion Club of Cincinnati on William Morris, Social Democrat.

*

Chicago comrades have arranged for a lecture by Father T. McGrady, at North Side Turner Hall, Chicago avenue and North Clark street, on Wednesday evening, February 19th. This lecture promises to prove attractive to many Chicago Catholics, who do not accept Archbishop Corrigan's pronouncements on Socialism as final.

*

On and after March 8th the "Workers' Call," one of the ablest of the weekly Socialist journals, will appear under the name of "The Chicago Socialist."

Mr. Ernest Crosby

author of "Plain Talk in Psalm and Parable" will be associated with the editorial department of the WHIM, beginning with February number. THE WHIM is a small monthly periodical which is likely to appeal to unconventional people.

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